# A POEM

## Occasioned on the Death of

# Mr. Henry Purcell,

## Late Musician in Ordinary To His MAJESTY.

*Quocunque choros agitat mors Musica dormit.*
Bat.

By a Lover of Musick.

*LONDON,*
Printed for *John Whitlock*, near Stationers-Hall, MDCXCVI.

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YE Gentle Sphears
Cease now your wonted melody,
Rest and ever silent be——
Nought now remains for Comfort or Relief,
But a free vent to our just source of grief.
An untaught Groan best language is,
For such a dismal Scene as This.
Yet like the dying Swans you first may tell,
In softest Musick to attending Ears,
How the Lov'd *Strephon* liv'd, and how lamented fell:
Tell then th' admiring World how often He,
Has ev'n charm'd you to exstasie,
How oft you've envy'd at the praise he won,
Yet smil'd to see your selves out done.
Tell this in diff'rent Notes, in such as he,
Was us'd to charm us hear below, that make one Harmony.

 II. The

II.

The little Birds throughout the Plains,
Repeat their Notes in doleful Strain.
In doleful strains they all complain
As if they never were to Sing again.
Sad *Philomel* amongst the rest
As if some Story she'd relate,
Not of her own, but of her Masters cruel Fate,
In mornful Notes her grief exprest,
In careless melancholy Lays
She Sung his Praise.
Now all her Art she trys,
Now all her Strength applys,
To warble forth an Elegy
Sacred to his Memory.
She Sings, alas her Songs are all in vain,
Nothing can alter Destiny,
The Swain can ne're return to life again.

III.

What do I hear, what dismal Groans,
What Sights, what Shreiks, what melancholy Moans,
Now spread themselves o're all the Pensive Plains,
And tears the breasts of all the tender Swains,
'Tis for *Strephon* Dead and gone.
Mourn all ye Shepherds, mourn with me your Masters Fall,
With me attend his Funeral,
With me adorn his Herse
With never fadeing Garland, never dying Verse.
Alas! no Sounds will now prevail,
To tell their melancholy Tale,

Since dead is He who made their Songs to rise.
He their dull numbers could inspire,
With charming Voice and tuneful Lyre,
He life to all, but to himself could give:
No longer now the Swains unto each other play,
Their Arms a cross, their Heads hung down,
Their Oaten Pipes, besides them thrown,
Their Flocks neglected stray.
Ev'n *Pan* himself o'rewhelm'd with grief, has thrown his Pipe away.

IV.

See Love himself all bath'd in Tears,
His Bow he brakes, away his Darts he flings,
Then folds his Arms, and hangs his drooping Wings,
*Venus* her self close mourner here appears.
No longer now she thinks her self secure,
But sighing from her Throne looks down,
Her greatness cannot long endure
Since it's supporter's dead and gone;
Since that the tuneful *Strephon*'s Fall'n—
Now silent lyes his Lyre,
No longer warms our hearts into desire,
For dead is he who could our Passions move,
Who best could gentle thoughts inspire,
Who best could fan the amorous fire,
Make us at once submit, and own the Pow'r of Love.

V.

Gone is the glory of our Age,
The Pride and Darling of the Stage.
The Theatre his worth well knew,
Saw how by him it's greatness grew.

In him their honour Pride and Glory liv'd,
Far as his Soul they now are fled,
And scarce can sooner be retriev'd,
For all their hopes in him are dead.
Whil'st he vouchsaf'd to stay below
They were too blest long to continue so.
But oh! no more the tuneful *Strephon*'s Songs they'l hear,
No more his joyful Notes will glad the wondring Theatre.

VI.

Ye Sons of *Phebus* write his Elegy
But let it be
Great as the Subject, sad as your Calamity,
Let every Muse his Praise aloud proclaim
And to the distant Poles, let Echo spread his Fame.
Write Epitaphs that so
The world may know,
How much to him ev'n Poetry did owe,
For you but say, 'tis he that makes you sing,
His Art the Embrio words does to perfection bring.
By us the Muse at first conceives, 'tis true,
He makes it fit to see the light, that gift to him we owe;
Nake'd at first and rugged they appear,
But when by him adorn'd they be,
Assume a Pomp and Bravery,
Nor need they longer blush to reach a Prnces Ear.

VII.

How rigid are the Laws of Fate,
And how ſevere the black Decree,
For nothing, nothing here is free,
But all muſt enter th' Adamantine Gate.
The Great, the Good, the Juſt, nay all, muſt come,
To Natures dark retireing Room.
He! he! alas is gone,
Whoſe gentle Airs did make our Numbers live,
Who Immortality could give,
His Soul to't's firſt aboade away is flown,
Blaſted are all our Glories now,
Our Lawrels wither as they grow,
The Muſe her ſelf forſakes us too.
Come then, come quickly come,
Let's pay our tears for off'rings at his Tomb.
Let us not ſtrive, who beſt deſerves the Bays,
He that grieves moſt, beſt claims the Higheſt Praiſe.

VIII.

Ariſe ye bleſt Inhabitants above,
From your immortal Seats ariſe,
And on our Wonder, on our Love,
Gaze with aſtoniſh'd eyes;
Ariſe, Ariſe, make room,
The wiſh'd for ſhade is come;
Haſt and your ſelves prepare
To me the joyful Choriſter,
Meet him half way with Songs, ſuch as you ſing,
Before the throne of the Eternal King,
With welcomes let th' Ætherial Palace ring,
Welcome the Gardian Angel ſays,
Full of Songs, and full of Bays,
Welcome thou art to me,
And to theſe Regions of Serenity;
Welcome the winged Choire reſounds,
While with loud Euges all the ſacred place abounds.
Low now above he chants Eternal Lays
Above our wonder, and our Praiſe.

FINIS.